Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall heauie dull, and slow?

Boy. Minime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoake of Rhetoricke,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thumpe then and I flee.

Bra. A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, heere's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some Riddle, come, thy *Lennoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lennoy*, no salue, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lennoy*, no *lennoy*, no Salue sir, but a Plantan:

Ar. By vertue thou enforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me my stars, doth the vnconsiderate take *salue* for *lennoy*, and the word *lennoy* for a *salue*?

Page. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lennoy* a *salue*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morall and doe you follow with my *lennoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.
Were still at oddes being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lennoy*, ending in the Goose: would you desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat
Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a Bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *Lennoy*, I that's
Ar. Come hither, come hith
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard*
Then cal'd you for the *Lennoy*

Clow. True, and I for a Plant
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lennoy*, the
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was th

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling o
I will speake that *Lennoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was
Fell ouer the threshold, and bro

Arm. We will talke no more

Clow. Till there be more ma

Arm. Sirra *Costard* I will inf

Clow. O, marrie me to one
some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soule, I
Enfreedoming thy person: thou
tiuated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now yo
me loose.

Arm. I giue thee thy liber
lieu thereof, impose on thee not
cant to the Countrey Maide *Iaq*
for the best ward of my honour
Moth, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard* adiew.

Clow. My sweet ounce of ma
will I looke to his remuneration.
cine word for three farthings: thr
the price of this yncle? i.d. no,
Why? It carries it remuneration
a French-Crowne. I will neuer

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